



## The AIR BALLOON, A New SONG,

**W**HAT various diversions now swarm in  
 this town,  
 And the catch-traps of folly, how long they've  
 gone down:  
 The vaulting of monkeys, the dancing of dogs,  
 The speaking of pigs, and the grunting of hogs,  
 Have all had their turn, but no longer they'll run,  
 We're tir'd of such *brutish* diversion and fun,  
 New pleasure leads down to another fresh tune,  
 And the rage every where is to see the Balloon.  
 The Frenchman may boast of his seats in the sky,  
 But pray who first taught the Monfieurs for to  
 fly?  
 'Twas England, Old England, we very well  
 know,  
 For she's taught the same lesson to many a foe;  
 In the teaching our tars they have oft had a  
 share;  
 And, without a balloon, sent them up in the air;  
 Or again should they dare us to war, we wou'd  
 soon  
 Make the air of our guns fill the Frenchman's  
 Balloon.  
 But now so improv'd the Balloon making art,  
 You may chop up your waggons, your coaches,  
 and carts,  
 Your phaetons, and buggies, your chairs, and  
 what not,  
 Boats, barges, and cutters, may all go to pot,  
 Mares, geidings, or stoneys, we want no more  
 now,  
 But to work in the team, or to drag in the plow,  
 For a journey more pleasant, as safe, and more  
 soon,  
 We can go, when equipp'd with a gig-blown  
 Balloon.  
 But as ladies now mount with our trav'lers on  
 high,  
 Should a child be begot while they're up in the  
 sky,  
 The question I'd ask, you'll not judge to be  
 wrong,  
 To what parish on earth would the bantling  
 belong?  
 Since a higher descent he might boast than his  
 Grace,  
 Whom a ribband bedecks, tho' a rope should  
 disgrace,  
 Or 'twould laughter promote, should the man in  
 the Moon,  
 Give a hint of what pass'd in the airy Balloon.  
 But a tribute let's pay to the man who can dare  
 To ascend to the sky with a nymph under care;  
 His heart must be good, and his courage be stout,  
 Who would venture his neck with a maid for a  
 bout:  
 So dogs, pigs, and monkeys, we bid you adieu,  
 Your antics no longer with pleasure we'll view,  
 The tricks that you boast may please a buffoon,  
 But a sight for a Prince is JEAN BLANCHARD'S  
 BALLOON,